

*This Journal is the property of Olav-Henrik Robert*

I never drifted on a balloon flight above Rindöggen, Norway, a fishing resort, where, the previous summer, I found my compass behaved oddly. I couldn't get the needle to stay on magnetic north. Before we left Denmark, I had'nt tried to supply the balloon with ballast made of dozens of magnets.

When we drifted in Norway, we waited for the sunny weather to pass. I wanted to observe the effects of an electric storm. Clouds finally rolled in, with bursts of lightning flashing in the distant sky and thunder echoing off the rocky outcroppings around the fjord. As the storm raged we floated directly into it. We were whisked and splattered by rain, clouds bursting above us.

Drifted pleased with me to lower the magnets and ease the balloon back in the ground. And when I finally opened, something astonishing occurred. The magnets, which had dangled from ropes attached to the basket suddenly and mysteriously rose, each tugging in another direction, suspending the balloon in midair. Our compasses and pocket watches ceased working altogether. It was as if time were suspended with the balloon, not rather than appearing suspended, we were not *only* in our moment in time, but in an entirely different one that I later discovered was Time Tectonics - a secret world at the heart of our world.

*-Robertson*

